Trouble Develops the Character-Bea of True Friendship-The Reward of Patience-Misfortune Often Precedes Honor.

In his late sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernucle on Ruth's example, Rev. DeWitt Taimage preached from the text, "And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers, and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech." Ruth i. 3. He said:

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethieh in is harvest time. It was the custom wife a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the respers to refuse to g ther it up; that was to be left for the p or who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain seat ered a ross the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it and get their bread. But you say: "What it the use of all these harvest fields to Ru h and Naomi! Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toll in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the resultful, should tan her cheeks and bister h r bands in the harvest field?"

B az owns a large farm and he goes out to ace the reapers gather in the grain. Condag there, right behind the swarthy, sun browned ranners, he beholds a boautiful woman gleaning, a weman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to steep : mong the sheaves. Ah, that was an

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an att cament for the womanly gleaner, an atmounce it full of undying interest to the Courch of God in all ages, while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness and traveled, through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, in the har-vest field of Beaz, is affianced to one of the best fami ies in Judah and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the L rd of glory. Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning!

I le ru in the first place from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and ex le that developed, illus rated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his instor, who is a very brilliant man "Why is it that your pastor, so very brill tant, seems to have so little heart and replied, "the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house; and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, O, the warmth, the tenderness o was just as brilliant as he was his discourses. The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument and his execution is cold and formal and unfeel ing. The reason is that all his life has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at an instrument, and you discove the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

tors. A young doctor comes into a sick room where there is a dying child. Per-haps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question: but years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick room, and with tearful eye he how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow, I see its touch in the grandest painting: I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument. Grecian mythology said that the fountain

Misfortune and trials are great educa-

of Hippocrene was struck out by the foo winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and mos beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shed boof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the bowling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood-splashed guilto-tine and the crackling fires of marryrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch covenanters and the fury of Lord Claver house to develop James Renwick and Au drew Melville and Hugh McKail, the glo r ous martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea and the December blast and the desorate New England coast, and the warwhoop of savages, to show forth the prowess of the pilgrim fathers.

"When amid the storms they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea; And the sounding aisles of the dim wood

Rang to the anthems of the free." I took all our past National distresses to I to our Nation on that high career where it will march along after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked and the tyrann es that have jeered shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of Gcd, who bates depotism and who, by the strength of i is own red right arm, will make all men tree. And so it is individually and in the family, and in the church and world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations are developed.

Again, I see in my text the beauty of unfaltering friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she in prosperity; but of all her acquaintances how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judah when she had to make that lonely journey! One-the heroine of my text. One-absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living of the angel of the reformation. and they had plenty of money and all things went well they had plenty of callers; but I suppose that after her husband died and her property went, and she got old end poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sung in the bower while the sun shone above have gone to their nests, now that the night has fallen.

O, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their colors in the morning hour! but are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz, but when his property went and the trials came, then Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shue, and Zophur the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character and he beimputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find

TROUBLE AN EDUCATOR. | friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesi-phorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to Him on the cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to mean i more also,

if aught but death part thee and me." Third—Again: I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah 1 They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth start-ed off with Naomi; but behold her in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, to be sfilanced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for Heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of Gol's m you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright end-ing in the pardon and the hope and the trimph of the Gospel !

So, very often in our wor'dly business or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may sarink back, but there is a voice rithin, or a voice from above, saying, 'You must go;" and we have to drink the rall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are ounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that must be slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blased be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of th captured battlements we will shout the ictory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it! Know it! I know it because God says so: 'They shall hunge no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountain of water, and God shall wipe all tears

from their eyes." I was very hard for Nosh to endure the scoffing of the people in his day while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use; but when the deluge came and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hand-over a drowned world; then Noah in the ark rejoicel in his own safety and in the safety of his family and looked out on the wreck of a ruised

Christ, hounded of persecuters, denie i pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining His last drop of blocd, d dead bursting from the sepulchers at His crucifixion. Tell me. O ever darker times than those! Like the ing of the midnight sea against the rock the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of Heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on His fore Him on whose head are many crowns, locks at the dying child, and he says: "O, and all the celestial worship is to come up how this reminds me of my Charlie!" at His feet, like the humming of the forest, thundering of the seas, while all Heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"That song of love, now low and fair, Ere long shall swell from star to star; That light, the breaking day which tips

The golden-spired Apocalypse."
Fourth—Again: 1 learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insigrificant may be momentous. Can you imagine any thing more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah! Can you imagine any thing more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just hap-pened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestor of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine; events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting-von did not think of it again for a long while: but how it changed all the phase of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Ju-

tal invented rude instruments of music, caling them harp and organ; but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy; and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute an I drum and cornet is only the long-continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that TubalCain learned the uses of copper and iron; but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery, and the roar and bang of

I c ories on the Merrimac.
It seemed to be a matter of no importance that Luther found a Bible in a moaustery; but as he opened that Bible and the brass bound lids fell back, they jarred every thing from the Vatican to the furtherest corner of Germany, and the rustling of the wormed leaves was the sound of the wings

It seemed to be a matter of no importan that a woman, whose name has been forgetten, dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man by the name of R chard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God. among others Philip Dod tr.dge. Philip Doddridge wrote a took called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God, and among o hers the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called: "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others Leigh Richmond. Leigh Richmond wrote a trace called, "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christis woman drepped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter-the tide of in-There are reputations that have been half fluence rolling on through Richard Baxter, a century in building, which go down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple great Wilberforce, through Richard Baxter, through Philip Dodridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Leigh Richards consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant, niffcant events of this world seem, after all, to be most momentous. The fact that you came up that street or this street seemed

nificance to you, but you will find it the

Fifth—Again: I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth tolling in the harvest field un-der the bot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers, or eating the parched corn which Boar handed her. The customs of society, of course, have changed, and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected, every intelli-gent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community; and though there are so many woes all around about them in the world, they spend their time languish-ing over a new pattern, or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who shot himself. They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way hor mother-in-law, Naomi, All this fastidousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp wister of misfortune comes, what of these butterflies! Persons unde indulgent parentage may get upon them selves habits of indelence; but when they rome out into practical life their soul will recoil with disgust and chargin. They will recoil with angues and chargin. They will
feel in their bearts what the p.et so
severely satirized when he said:
"Folks are so awkward, things so impolite,
They're elegantly pained from morning until
night."

Through that gate of indolence how many men and women have marched, use-less on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinola said to Sir Horace Vere: "Of what hid your brother die!" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Ah," said Spinola, "that's enough to kill any General of us." O! can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be ealightenel, and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who can not find

something to do! Madame de Stael did a world of work in had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her: "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "O," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief coat is in the fact that I have seventee trades, by any one of which I could make livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! We vant more Abiga ls, more Hannahs, more Rebeccas, more Marys, more Deborahs con secrated-body, mind, soul-to the Lord who bought them.

Sixth-Once more: I learn from my subject the value of gleaning. Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw but what is a straw! I can't get any bar but what is a straw i read a got any out of ley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said Ruth. She gathered two straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that lown, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another and another, and another, and then she brought them all together, and she thresh ed them out, and she had an ephah of bar-ley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all

be gleaners!
Elihu Burritt learned many things while tolling in a blacksmith shop. Abercrom-bie, the world renowned philosopher, was philosopher in Scotland, and he got his hilosophy, or the chief part of it. while, as s physician, he was waiting for the door of the sick room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental and spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers, and carry off all the strong reapers, and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left that is not worth glesning. Ab, my fr.ends, you could go into the busiest day and the busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which, cathered, might at least make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with abound ing joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! O. you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an age I one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in this field, then let Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of gleaning: "He that goeth forth and weepsth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naoms be our portion forever!

WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

Glimpse at the Peculiar Social Eti-Women take the same rank as their busbands or as their brothers; but the daughter of a Peer, marrying a commoner, retains her title as Lady or Honorable. The daughter of a Duke, marrying a Baron, degrades to the rank of Baroness only; while her sisters, married to commoners, retain their rank and take precedence of the Baroness. Merely official rank on the husband's part does not give any similar precedence to the wife. There are two orders confined to the ladies: The Order of Victoria and Albert, and the Order of the Crown of India. But members are entitled to no special precedence.

In the counties, Lord Lieutenants stand first and sheriffs next. In Loudon and other corporations, the mayor is the local leader. At Oxford and Cambridge the High Sheriff ranks the Vice-Chancellor.

This order of precedence is not a mere empty form but a rigidly-adheredto guide. At all entertainments it is strictly observed. At dinner parties, banquets, wedding breakfasts, etc., the guests are "sent in" in accordance with this rule. It is a difficult matter at all times to settle who shall go in to dinner first, second, third or fourth, or

who shall take in who. Money can not purchase social standing in England. A gentleman is such by birth, and once a gentleman always a gentieman is a recognized maxim. Conduct has nothing to do with it. None of a wife's dignities can be shared by a husband. A commoner can not improve his condition by marriage. Widows of Peers, Baronets and Knights, on marrying a commoner, continue by courtesy of society, though not by law, to retain their titles. Thus, the widow of an Earl marrying a commoner, she and her new husband are spoken of as "Mr. Brown and the Countess of Eskmount,' or (if the present Peer be married) "Mr. Brown, and Maria, Countess of Eskmount." The legal rule is that a woman who has acquired a dignity by marriage loses it and all rights and privileges annexed to it on contracting a second marriage with a commoner. In society it is different. There, the widows of Peers married to commoners, and the widows of Baronets and Knights married to untitled gentle men, generally adhere to the titles gained by their first marriage. Widows of "Honorables" are not allowed not stop. But what made you leave?" and hypocrisy, how turning it is on a some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Rushai; the Jews had such a seem to be a matter of very little signosciety.—Good form

### TEMPERANCE

LITTLE DAISY'S LETTER. What She Wrote to the Cowboy on the

"Would you, granny?" "I think I would, Daisy." "Then I will," and Daisy Brown adegan to write as Grauny Brown advised. The writer soon brought her pen to a halt.

"Where is David?" she asked. "Out in Montana. I'll tell here, and it is a hard life for him." "He has been gone how long?" "Oh, your brother David has bee off now four years."

"Well, I will put it into my letter, though I don't know how to begin." "Say this, what I tell you." "I will."

"Write: Our folks are very much nterested'-" "Wait till I get it down."

There was a space of silence. "All ready, granny."
"Interested in Temperance, and now is it on the ranch?"

More sileace. "'I know you will stick'-got that?"

" 'Stick to your pledge, won't you?" There, that will do. Now, when you have got through your letter, I will put in a word.

Something else she put into the letter. Granny not only added a word, but in her thoughts she breathed a prayer. The letter went to Montana. "Hello! What's up?" said Longegged Dave, for they did not call him Mr. David Brown out there. He was her time, snd one day, while she was seated on horseback, halting before a little amid instruments of music, all of which she camp-fire, where he had prepared his camp-fire, where he had prepared his lonely dinner. "What's up?" asked Long-legged

Dave again. Looking along the level of the great plain that came like a sea out of the

mysterious east and rolled away to the west till the Rocky Mountains stopped it, Long-legged Dave saw a man on horseback. "Riding on horseback!" he mut-

It was a pleasant sight to see that horeman on the wide, solitary plain.
"It's one of our boys," said Longlegged Dave. "Makes things seem more homelike."

Nearer, nearer came the horseman and at last Long-legged Dave saluted him as "Smiling Jimmy, how are

"The same to you. Just from the anch, and brought you a letter." A letter! What was it? Who wrote

"Ho, ho!" said the owner of the long legs. "It's Daisy! Bless the child!"

He read all that letter contained smiled when he read the Temperance section, and then thrust it into a pocket in the breast of his red shirt. It was a deep pocket. It made one think that what went down so far would have a hard time getting up. The letter did get up, though. Again and again it was read by little campfires when the sun was gone down, and sometimes as the sun was coming up, and then when that furnace of gold was burning overhead at noon. And every time he read the Temperance section he smiled, and every time he

smiled he also said: "Oh, sis is a little girl; she don't know about these things. And granny, she is getting old." If he only could have heard Daisy inal races with which we come in con-

ebody away out on the far plains, and granny pray, too, about "our folks out on the ranches," he would not have belittled them as little sis and old granny.

"Say, Long-legged Dave, let's go in town, some day," remarked Smiling Jimmy, one night, when lying on their backs near their camp-fire and watching the bright twinkling stars.

"I am the man for ye the next time we have a chance," replied his companion.

The chance came finally. Dave took his long legs and Jimmy his smile into a so-called "cow-town," a busy, bustling frontier settlement, where a big meeting of the ranchmen was coming off. Jimmy was a sunny, laughing companion, as his nickname implied. "Well," said Dave, as he and his friend Jimmy rode into town in cowboy style, wearing their broadbrimmed hats, flannel shirts and leather overalls, a revolver tucked away in

the belt. "We had better stop at that saloon yonder." He had forgotten about a letter written by one Daisy. However, granny had praved for "our folks out on the ranches" that very morning.

"Well-e-e!" said Smiling Jimmy. He, too, had forgotten something, a certain promise made to those at home to let drink alone.

It was a rough and dirty saloon, and vile like all saloons, even when they are neat and elegant. It was crowded with cowboys and miners. Dave stepped up to the box, but thought he would just make sure that he had his money to pay for the drinks. His hand dove deep into that breast-

"What's this?" he said. "Money wrapped up in this piece of paper? Didn't know I stuck it there."

He pulled it out, opened it and could not help reading this: "I know you will stick to your pledge, won't you?" As if it had been a red-hot brand marked with those letters, somehow that line was stamped, burnt into his soul. Dave hesitated. "Well!" said the bar-tender. "What

will you have?" Dave staggered. "Come, speak!" cried the devil's eddler.

Dave conquered. "I-I won't take ny thing. I'll keep my word," he said, and moved away. "You're a funny man!" shouted the har-tender.

" May be, but I know what I am up shouldn't if I staid here.' "Where going?" cried Jimmy.

" I am glad," declared Jimmy, when

pocket I fetched up her letter, von

It was only an hour later when s cowboy that they knew and had met in the saloon rode up to them and said: "I saw you two go out, and I fol-lered. Lucky! Had some awful hard shooting there 'fore they got through fifteen minutes, they tell me. Who was it that did not want to stay?"

"Set it down to Long-legged Dave," answered Smiling Jimmy. "No, set it down to my little sis," added Dave.

Yes, and to the old lady who never forgot to pray, each day, "for our folks out on the ranches"-Rev. Ed-

THE CURSE IN ENGLAND. The Monster Evil of the Land-"Integicating Drink the Greatest Factor of Crime, Pauperlem, Orphanhood, Prosti-tution, Insanity and Disease."

ward A. Rand, in Interior.

The monster evil of England at this moment is still drink. It is, to use the phrase applied by Emerson to the far less universal and overwhelming evil of slavery, "an accursed mountain of sorrow." I know no subject on which the National conscience is so fatally seared as it were with a hot iron. I think that it would be impossible that the demand for searchng and radical reform in our drink egislation could be opposed, as it is, y fatuous jokes and decrepit epigrams if those who have so long successfully resisted the righteons demand of suffering multitudes could only see, as the parish clergyman, the prison chaplain and the hospital surgeon see the hideous train of ruin, disease and unutterable wretchedness which the present condition of our liquor traffic entails. I can answer for it that in my own parish--which con-tains many of the poorest-there would be hardly any crime, or absolute destitution, or hopeless misery, if we could eliminate the curse of drink, fostered by multitudes of needless ginshops. We spend on drink directly nearly £126,000,000 a year, and indirectly a sum almost inconceivable. In the "Judicial Statistics for 1866," page 20, 1 find that 165,139 persons were summarily proceeded against for being drunk and disorderly. In the London district about 30,000 are yearly arrested for drunkenness, and of these 15,-600 are women. The numbers may mean nothing to some readers, to others they mean crimes of every degree of violence and infamy—the fiendish kicking and beating and maiming of wives, the brutal ill-treatment of young children, the overlaying and slow murder and starvation of tens of thousands of infants, the empoisonment of blood in another generation of criminals and harlots. For the number of those arrested for drunkenness is known to be a very small fraction of the number of drunkards. The drink traffic is strong in the influence of wealthy capitalists, and brewers and gin distillers are freely elevated to the House of Lords. In defense of our present drink laws there is a banded union of the triple forces of ignorance, appetite and interest. Nevertheless, the fact remains that drink is the chief cause of our worst national disgraces as a nation; that we sin, and have been sinning for years with a high hand against God and man, by forcing our drink on the helpless childhood of the world; that we are decimating and demolalizing and even destroying the poor aborigick; that from John o' Groat's hous to Land's End we defile our own country with the curse of ardent spirits, and that "intoxicating drink is the greatest factor of crime, pauperism, orphanhood, prostitution, insanity and disease."-Archdeacon Farrar, in the Fortnightly Review.

## TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

FROM day to day the criminal courts more thoroughly establish the intimacy between liquor and lunacy.--Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE insurance companies of Great Britain declare that total abstainers fall short 30 per cent. of the ordinary expectancy of death, while the 99 per cent. of moderate drinkers have attained the expectancy.

Diogenes was a good Temperance man. When blamed for throwing a goblet of wine on the ground, and wasting so much liquor, he answered: "Had I drank it there would have been a double waste. L as well as the wine, would have been lost."

REV. Dr. CUYLER is authority for the statement that "this Nation is spending more money for intoxicating drinks than for all the bread it eats and all the clothes it wears, all the books it reads and all the churches it has ever built."

A CURIOUS feature of the new liquor law in Atlanta is the black list. When a man appears before the city recorder on a charge of drunkenness for the second time, and is convicted, he is black-listed, and his name is furnished to all liquor dealers, who, under a penalty of \$500 fine, are forbidden to sell him liquor under one year.

THE "treating" habit causes threefourths of the drunkenness in this country, and it would not exist were it not for the saloons. They are hotbeds of vice. promoters of crime; they break up thousands of homes each year, and drag thousands of men and women to the depths of poverty, degradation and disease -Philadelphia News. UNITED STATES Senator Johnathan

Chace, of Rhode Island, says: It is my wish also "to stand up and be counted" with those who wish to rid our land of the saloon incumbus. The saloon is the enemy of morality, religion and prosperity, the ally of every form of crime and wickedness, and a menace to the libertics of the people. THE Sunday-closing law in New Jersey went into effect Sunday, and worked a revolution, the State enjoyto," shouted Dave, in return, "and I ing her Sabbath as she had never done before. Every saloon in Jersey City was closed, one of them displaying the "Come!" said Dave, who knew that sign on the door: "Closed for the first the smiling one would do as his time in seventy years." The dispatches say that the city presented the novel aspect of a day with no drunken. noisy crowds in its streets. Even Hoboken enjoyed such a quiet Sabbath as "Ah, Jimmy, it was a little gal at she has never known before. - Union bome. When I put my hand in my Signal.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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